And comes not in, over-rulde by propheſies,
I feare, the power of *Percy* is too weake,
To wage an inſtant tryall with the King.
Sir M. Why, my good Lord, you neede not feare,
There is *Dowglas*, and Lord *Mortimer*.
Arch. No, *Mortimer* is not there.
Sir. M But there is *Merdake*, *Vernon*, L. *Harry Percy*,
And there is my Lord of *Worceſter*, and a head
Of gallant warriours, noble Gentlemen.
Arch And ſo there is, but yet the King hath drawn
The ſpeciall head of all the Land together.
The *Prince* of *Wales*, Lord *Iohn* of *Lancaſter*,
The noble *Weſtmerland*, and warlike *Blunt*;
And many moe Corrivales, and deare men
Of eſtimation, and command in armes.
Sir M. Doubt not, my Lord, he ſhall be well oppos'd.
Arch. I hope no leſſe; yet, needfull 'tis to feare,
And to prevent the worſt, *Sir Michell*, ſpeed:
For if Lord *Percy* thrive not ere the King
Diſmiſſe his power, he meanes to viſit us,
For he hath heard of our confederacy;
And 'tis but wiſedome to make ſtrong againſt him:
Therefore make haſte, I muſt goe write againe
To other friends, and ſo farewell, *Sir Michell*. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, Earle of Weſtmerland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falſtaffe.

King. How bloodily the Sunne begins to peere
Above yon busky hill! the day lookes pale
At his diſtemperature.
Prin. The Southerne winde
Doth play the trumpet to his purpoſes,
And by hollow whiſtling in the leaves,
Foretels a tempeſt and a bluſtering day.
King. Then with the loſers let it ſympathize,
For nothing can ſeeme foule to thoſe that winne.

The Trumpet ſounds. *Enter Worceſter.*

King. How now my Lord of *Worceſter*? 'tis not well
That you and I ſhould meete upon ſuch tearmes,

As

now we meete. You have deceived our truſt,
And made us doffe our eaſie Robes of peace,
To cruſh our old uneaſie limbs in ungentle Steele;
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
What ſay you to it? will you againe unknit
This churliſh knot of all abhorred Warre?
And more in that obedient orbe againe,
Where you did give a faire and naturall light,
And be no more an exhal'd Meteor,
A prodigy of feare, and a portent
Of broched miſchiefe to the unborne times?
Wor. Heare me, my Liege:
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertaine the lag-end of my life
With quiet houres: For I proteſt,
I have not ſought the day of this diſlike.
King. You have not ſought it: how comes it then?
Falſ. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.
Prin. Peace, Chewet, peace.
Wor. It pleas'd your Majeſty to turne your lookes
Of favour, from my ſelfe, and all our Houſe;
And yet I muſt remember you my Lord:
We were the firſt and deareſt of your friends,
For you, my Staffe of office did I breake,
In *Richards* time, and poſted day and night,
To meete you on the way, and kiſſe your hand,
When yet you were in place, and in account
Nothing ſo ſtrong and fortunate as I;
It was my ſelfe, my Brother, and his Sonne,
That brought you home, and boldly did out-date
The danger of the time. You ſwore to us,
And you did ſweare that oath at *Doncaſter*,
That you did nothing of purpoſe 'gainſt the State,
Nor claime no further, then your new-falne right,
The ſeate of *Gant*, Duke of *Lancaſter*:
To this, we ſware our ayde: but in ſhort ſpace
It raind down, Fortune ſhowring on your head,
And ſuch a floud of Greatneſſe fell on you.